Monk Moore
Rodmell

9th Jan
1939

It's time I knew that I scratched a few words; only my brain goes out by an Evening, & my hand. I'm trying to "work hard" at Rgc: for me, working hard is 3 hours; & that's all. But then I come in & read — oh the packets of old letters that still remain! And then I fall asleep. & when the post comes, & there's nothing from Jm, it occurs to me, The old devil won't work until I push the string. So having an Evening off, rather felonciously, for we come back on Sunday & then there'll be no Evenings for Old Bells, I scratch a few words. Its old news about the frozen pipes. Frozen W.C; & no fem: for the grid broke. So

Rota 2. 4. 63

Clark despatched. I've also lost a brother in law, Jack Hall: him you never knew, so I can't go into that. Metz. The marmozet is dead. But you never liked her. I forget what else has come my way. I'm notably inclined tonight; but there's 60 miles between us & a Jack blowing from the Channel. NYPL My mother in law (you asked) has one more bobbed to the top. As she longs to live, at 86, why not? The family begin to fear her as a cricketer does a record now. All pretences silenced. Can she make 100? I daresay. Vita I've not seen. but ah a giant pair sent by her. Field two wet to walk in. How I should like a talk! My eyes burn with reading. Cant think Lerigué or Chaucer. Percy is talking about frozen pools in the garden. Lally moving. How's your book — the one you're writing for me? I must cook dinner — maccaroni cheese with a bacon fry. But, perversely, I long for the boy & Champagne. Too many words, bodies to be satisfied: the Puritan & the Harlot. Mixed marriages result in this (how mixed Virginia) were you mixed? So this is a little worm dangled to catch a letter — a long a letter — one V.

52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone: Museum 2621.

Monday
~~The Wednesday~~
24th Jan. 39

I know I didnt deserve a letter, or I never answered the long one - the Charming one - the one that fumbled & stumbled & wandered in & out as women that you wrote the other day. But .... well you know my habit as a letter writer, so I'll say no more.

Yr no good Madame de Polignac asked me to dinner, because, last time I dined out, I found the moth had eaten a hole in my dress, & I'm not going to buy a new one, it was - this - my only one. But she's not written — should she Ever wish, in other fruits, not in the radiance of your generosity, to see me, why dont you both come to tea? Quiet talk in the twilight suits me best as a human being I cant answer

thing, so leave it, as the cab driver does, to you.
Politics are coming much too close. I watched
Austrians to tea — what can one do for them?
German lessons? But they can't even teach:
Home Office won't allow it. Even I have to
write letters, try to be "kind". NYPL Then the
police discover 300 cartridges hidden behind the
Gardeners hut in the square. And Leonard's out
on a mere talking-talking — what to be done; Oh
Dear Ethel, why did our parents conceive us
so that we saw the particular sketch of
time! Have such an immense capacity for
sheer pleasure up my sleeve; a shaft one it
this side of the grave. + So I burrow into Rose.
And what are you doing? The same, I expect:
Agnew we artists have that ancillary — what the
word? — other world outside the real world) mean.
This is real. I am reading Lévigné: that leads to
Michelet: that to Saint Simon: a peer
Rabelais at the turn of the corner. We're going
to see the Sfiat Fiend a Tatendag. Tell me,
Rhoda I like Lady Bedborough? V.

Rota 2.4.63

Monk's House,
Rodmell,
near Lewes,
Sussex.

Sunday
5th Feb. 1939

Well Ethel dear, how nice to think that you
are I hope, alive. This lyrical outburst
is inspired by the extraordinary June
weather; my Elm tree, the two I
see from my window, are at the
moment irradiated with the sun. A
about 5000 Starlings are nesting
there: why do I always want to
find a phrase for what I see?
It's not a net; it's rather like the
Edge of a veil thick with black knots.
But as you're in working, you want
be seeing. Moment Cabum across
the flats, between the branches.
Ive been 2 Extra days off;
very lumbly: & have been walking
the cliff at Birling Gap.

Low Writing; She climbed my stairs; panted,
Gasped - had to consume 2 tablets, then
recovered; was very gracious; something like an
old manor house with the sun in its windows;
& I'm glad I saw her privately, yet sobbing.
Chickens soaked in cream at Claridges.
I like people singly not in glittering
Chains. Oh - she sent me, of course, handsome
presents - Beethoven Cavatina.
You be in London a Friday about 5.30
come to tea: no, not tea, nothing: but I've
an old friend coming, & you may find like
that way of breaking ice. But for
in London of Friday.
I've been reading David Cecil's Melbourne:
a very compact well done biography; I enjoyed it.
I've not met Elly; I've not done any
of the things I should have done. As the
paper nears its end, I always add, And
then". Vanessa said you were
"very brilliant". How I adore, among the rest
of your gifts, that quite useless delight.
So no more. The Starlings, for
may like to know, have flown, & the sun's sunk
V.

NYPL
Rota 2. V. 63

Sunday 52 Pd. 12 Feb 1939

I dont think the nyt wednesday will be
any use, as, so far as Nan see the
week is already chock full & running
over. But the unexpected may happen —
if not, what about the week after?
Oh dear, I sympathise with the toe,
if one hurts a toe, one cant walk,
& that would be, vagrant rambler that I am,
the hell worse hell of the two — the other
being not to think. Written the fact —
just back from a jaunt to Rochester,
to the Dickens's house at Jacobs Hill
& stretch our legs. It as exactly
Dickens as. David Copperfield — the house. The
Conservatory, the steps. The underground
tunnel & the Glove in which he had a
Chalet — D'ju remember he was writing

there one Summer Evening when he felt ill, came
into dinner, through the tunnel & died? I
wonder what they effect on us they do me.
I'd been reading Great Expectations & wanted
to see the Marsh — d'ye remember NYPL again?
both me saw it ah, & lunched in the Bull
Inn, where do they say Queen Victoria slept in
the same bed as Dickens & Pickwick. But
this Chatters away far from your ton, & yours
Cold: & it was a little East wind down at
Godshill. Time to go to hear Auden's
play. But before pulling the chicken in
the Oven, I snatch this interlude to
send — no, you object to love — That
what you call helping you across the road. Lord
what a buffet I got the only time I
tried that! Lord, again, how glad I shall be
to see to the end of my Roger: but am
appalled by all the re-writing that remains:
swarm with ideas for stories: must hatten
them under: would like to see you:
hope you're working hard. Have you ever read
Somerset Maugham? And which of Dickens
is your favourite? V.

Rita 2. vi. 43

Ruta 2.4.63

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Monday 27 Feb. 39

(Shakespeare was not mine)

I think this must
be yours, not
Madame Mira's

No time for more.
But will
write a comment
on your Charming
humble letter — on the
Lines for to carry
treat, little entry a
thumbs